

One Night Stands and One-Way Glass

September 2022

"So, whaddya say, hmm? Wanna head back to my place and work out a bit of that... *tension* you seem to be dealing with?"

Oh, she's a hottie – no doubt about it. She may not be quite as young as she once was, but hell – neither am I. And I love how she's embraced the whole MILF look: those no-nonsense glasses, that low-cut flowered blouse, those mid-rise jeans that show off her plump ass... Yeah, Leah's looking like quite the fun Friday night.

"I mean, if you insist," I grin, finishing off my scotch with a flourish. "I'd hate to leave a lovely lady like you disappointed..." And away we go: ducking out of the bar and into the neon-lit streets, the thump of the music giving way to the rush and rumble of the city's late-evening traffic. Oh, yeah. One little ride-share, and we'll be in business.

The townhouse our ride pulls up to is quite the looker, too – and I can't withhold an approving glance as I help her out and wave the driver away. "Quite the nice place you've got here," I begin – but she's already tugging me forward up the landing stairs, ending my laying my hand directly atop her right breast. "Just wait until you're inside," she smirks coyly, and in we go: acting less like a pair of responsible adults and more like a pair of horny teenagers about to make out in the back of her dad's Chevy.

Lights flick on, and by the time I've got my shoes off, she's already bustling off to the kitchen. "One more for the road," she laughs, returning with two glasses and a handsome bottle of whiskey. "And while we drink, maybe we can both get a bit more... comfortable..." Hell, yeah. This woman knows the art of foreplay backwards and forwards, I can tell. I play along: a cheeky little caress of her ass between sips, a bold grab under her blouse, a smirk and smack to her rump when she teases me for being too handsy...

Because if she wants handsy, I'll give her handsy.

"Back here, big guy," she chuckles, and now we're heading back the hall toward what I can only imagine must be the bedroom. Along the way, we pass a pastel-painted door decorated with cartoonish bumblebees, flowers, and baby rabbits, and I pause in momentary surprise. "Uhh, what's that? You didn't mention you had a kid?"

"Aww, that's just my little Charlie's room," she smiles brightly, holding her finger to her lips. "It's all okay – his sitter just tucked him in for the night before we got here. Don't worry about him. He's just a baby, really. Just a sweet, innocent little baby..."

Okay, then. I'm with a real, honest-to-goodness MILF. Well, pregnancy certainly seems to have treated her well, huh? And then she's shutting the door behind us, and tugging at my belt, and I dive head-first into the heated delights of love-making with this beautiful woman.

Because beautiful she is indeed! Off comes the blouse, leaving her full breasts swaying and juddering in their straining brassiere. Down comes that brown hair over her now-bare shoulders, and she leans over with a humming sigh of delight as I chuckle and slip up behind her, tugging her jeans downward and exposing a pair of lovely white panties. "God, you're fucking beautiful," I breathe, and I mean it. Maybe it's just that it's been a hot minute since I was with a woman. Maybe it's the alcohol. But fuck me if she isn't looking like the hottest and most desirable lady I've ever met!

And kinda kinky, too. Because just look at that giant mirror along the one wall: a good eight feet long and four feet high, its silver gleam reflecting the graphic writhing of our increasingly naked bodies. I'd say something – but she's lolling on the bed beneath me now, twisting and giggling, beckoning me down toward her incredible full breasts...

"Mmm-hmmmm... Oh, god, yes. Don't stop, Greg. Don't you dare... *ubbb!* – stop..."

The voices are muted in the darkness, the strangely echoing syllables resounding softly through the shadowy room next door. In the darkness only a few shapes can be made out: the silhouette of a tall table along one wall... the soft shapes of giant stuffed animals beside them... and there on the right, lit only by the pale gleam of light coming from the giant window, the stiffly uncompromising frame of what appears to be a massive crib.

With something – or someone – inside.

A pair of mittened hands clutches clumsily at the bars. A pair of adult eyes peers out hungrily, a look of mingled horror longing within them. And all the while, the mouth below is working: a mouth filled with its familiar, bulbous dummy nipple, and hidden away behind the giant shield that cups those cheeks and presses like a muting hand upon the man's lips.

Oh, yes. It's a full-grown man, no doubt about it. A man – but caught in the infantile world of the nursery.

The contrast between his own laughably babyish attire and the sight gleaming through the glass before him is astonishing. There they loll: his wife-turned-mommy, now clad in nothing but a seductive smile, her legs spread to reveal her visibly swollen and aroused womanhood. And atop he crouches the knotted muscles and lean figure of her latest one-night stand, his giant erection on proud display as he growls and kneads hungrily at her naked body...

"I hope you brought a condom-" "Don't you worry about that, babe..." "Oh, god, you're big! Come on, go for it. Put it in me, babe. I wanna feel just how massive you are-"

Grunts and moans of delight ensue, and before the captive man-baby's eyes the two twine and writhe about the bed in shameless abandon. This fellow is thrusting deep within her, grunting with effort and delight. Her legs are now splayed wide and lusty, now over his shoulders, now twitching and kicking in ecstasy. "Mmmm, that's so fucking good!" she cries, and for a split second her eyes seem to probe directly through the glass and into the shadows beyond. "Give it to me. I need to be fucked hard – so hard – by a *real* man and his amazing- *ubh!*- gorgeous- *mmmmhhhhh!!!*- cock..."

Her guttural moans and cries warble through the room, and as her body convulses into the first, thrilling orgasm of the night, her babyfied Charlie stares in chagrin from his infantile prison. "Mmmhmmm!" he whimpers behind his dummy, clearly distressed by the erotic sight before him. But the walls are solid, and the lovers are busy, and his pathetic moans disappear into the soft, muffling shadows of his nursery. On he stares, watching in resentful horror as the two copulate and moan and revel together. That was where *he* was supposed to be. *He* was supposed to be the one fucking his lovely wife: not staring on with all the helpless impotence of a mindlessly naive infant...

But that was merely an opinion – an opinion that his wife no longer shared. And really... when she was the one calling the shots, and he was the one in pampered prison, his opinions clearly no longer mattered. Not one bit.